

## TRAINED FAMOUS MEN

## THE PART OF MOTHERS IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

Writer Claims That Justice Has Not Been Done to "the Hand That Rocks the Cradle"—Truth of the Napoleonic Maxim.

We hear much of the "forefathers" and far too little of the "foremothers." History for the most part has been written by men. It refers, therefore, chiefly to masculine interests and to masculine exploits. The annals of the home are not the material of which history is usually composed, yet the character of the home and of its presiding genius, the wife and mother, are the controlling factors which fix the destiny of men and women distinguished for greatness or goodness. Benjamin West said that a kiss from his mother made him a painter. Napoleon Bonaparte held that the future good or bad conduct of a child depended entirely on the mother. He was not, from the viewpoint of many persons, a creditable representation of gentlemanly influences. He has been called the incarnation of slaughter. Such forcefulness as he possessed he attributed to the training of his mother, who, he said, found means by tenderness, severity and justice to make him love, respect and obey her. "From her I learned the virtue of obedience."

In the report of one of the inspectors of parochial schools in England published some years ago the significant observation was made that the managers of a certain factory when about to employ a boy made inquiry respecting the mother's character. "If that was satisfactory they were tolerably certain that her children would conduct themselves creditably. No attention was paid to the character of the father." An English writer, commenting upon this, remarks that if the mother is a woman of prudence, force and intelligence the children will be successful.

"Whereas, in cases of the opposite sort, where the mother turns out badly, no matter how well conducted the father may be, the instances of after success in life on the part of the children are comparatively rare."

This is a rather startling observation, but it is probably justified by experience. The influence of the mother on the character of her children during their formative period is incomparably greater than that of the father. The molding influence of the mother is apparent in the lives of such differing personalities as Cromwell, Wellington and Washington. It is traceable in the lives of the majority of the men of action. The biographies of great preachers, statesmen, writers, orators, famous merchants and men of large affairs, and the forbidding story of crime, establish, it is confidently believed, the justice of the Napoleonic maxim that the future good or bad conduct of a child depends chiefly on the mother.

Great mothers have not secured justice from the historian, but they are represented in their illustrious progeny. With few exceptions our statesmen and leaders of thought and action attribute whatever measure of eminence, success or respect they have reached in the world to the direction given to their intelligence and energies by their mothers. It is said to be the right of every child to be well born. Fortunate is the child who has a good mother. The loss of such a mentor, friend and guide is the most calamitous event that can happen in any household.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## IT WAS NO PICNIC.

And Worried Mother Doubtless Knew Whereof She Spoke.

To illustrate a point he was making in a recent lecture in Philadelphia, Joseph L. Barbour, a well-known lawyer of Hartford, Conn., told this story:

A woman with five small children boarded a horse car in New York, which was already comfortably filled. The conductor became a trifle impatient because it took the family so long to get aboard, and, as the mother finally reached the top step and the car began to move, the conductor ventured to ask her:

"Madam, are these all your children, or is it a picnic?"

The woman flushed as she replied: "Yes, they are all my children, and I tell you, it's no picnic."—New York Times.

## The Frills Did It.

Titles sometimes impress even the messengers who are in attendance at the doors of the secretaries of the various departments.

"Take my card to Mr. Root," said Representative Sulzer, walking up to the messenger on duty at the door of the Secretary of War.

"Sorry, sir, but the secretary ain't seeing anyone to-day," answered the messenger, who had been turning away senators and representatives all day.

"But I'm Representative Sulzer of New York."

"Can't take your card in, sir."

"You tell the Secretary Representative Sulzer of New York, the ranking member of the minority of the committee on military affairs of the House of Representatives wants to see him."

The messenger was overpowered and stepped inside the room, and returning threw the door wide open, saying:

"Walk right in, sir. The secretary will see you."

**Wages of Railroad Employees.**  
The average railway employee will get \$60 more in wages this year than he received in 1902.

## A CONFLICT OF IDEAS.

How Two Western Girls Proposed to be Chaperoned.

The two Western girls were on a visit to the East and they were enjoying themselves immensely. But somehow there seemed to be a conflict of ideas between them and their hostess. She had strict ideas of propriety and they apparently only thought they had. They had determined to show that they were fully up-to-date in social matters, but—well, here's what happened:

Two western young men happened to be in New York at the same time, and they invited the girls to go to the theater, with a little supper to follow.

The girls promptly accepted. The hostess, in whose charge they were, raised her hands in horror when she heard of it.

"It will never do," she said. "You must be chaperoned on any such occasion as that."

"Chaperoned!" exclaimed one of the girls. "Why, of course we will be chaperoned. You don't suppose we'd neglect such an important feature as that, do you? We're not entirely ignorant of social usages."

"Then it's all arranged?"

"Of course it's all arranged."

"I'm glad of that," said the hostess with relief, "but it would have been just as well to consult me. Who is to chaperone you?"

"Why, Ethel will chaperone me, and I will chaperone her," was the ingenious reply.

## En Enormous Expense.

The expense of tuberculosis to the people of the United States, after careful estimation by Dr. Biggs of New York, is placed at \$300,000,000 says the American Medicine. He first calculates the loss to New York city by putting a value of \$1,500 upon each life at the average age at which deaths from tuberculosis occur. This gives a total value of the lives lost annually of \$1,500,000. But this is not all, for at least nine months prior to death these patients cannot work, and the loss of service at \$1 a day together with food, nursing, medicines, attendance, etc., at \$1.50 a day, results in a further loss of \$8,000,000, making a yearly loss to the municipality of \$23,000,000. From the whole country the 150,000 deaths from tuberculosis represent in the same way a loss of \$330,000,000. Dr. Biggs also says that the total expenditure in the city of New York in the care of tuberculosis patients is not over \$500,000 a year, i. e., not to exceed 2 per cent of the actual loss by death, etc. "If this annual expenditure were doubled or trebled, it would mean a saving of several thousand lives annually, to say nothing of the enormous saving in suffering." Further evidence of this is shown in the fact that in the last twenty years the total deaths from tuberculosis in New York have been decreased instead of increased, notwithstanding that there has been an increase of 70 per cent in the general population.

## Appetite of the Whale.

A whale's appetite is phenomenal. His chief diet consists of jellyfish. He has simply to open his mouth and paddle along leisurely in order to take in jellyfish by the wagon load. Such is the method adopted by the whalebone whale. The sperm whale, on the contrary, captures huge squids weighing often several tons. Like his brother, the whalebone whale, he must be constantly on the lookout for food; otherwise he would starve. As many as fourteen seals have been taken from a thirty-foot "killer." Other fishes of enormous appetites are not uncommon. The bluefish, for example, thrives on sardines and other small fish. Assuming that one bluefish eats ten small fish a day, it has been figured that it requires 10,000 million sardines to feed the 1,000 million bluefish on our coasts every summer. Most curious of all eaters is the hydra—a strange creature that can be turned inside out without impairing its appetite or its power to eat.

## Didn't Know His Own Portrait.

In order to win the good graces of his girl's family a young man of the South End proposed a surprise party for "papa," says the Boston Journal. The young men who were keeping company with the girl's sisters readily acquiesced, and it was arranged to present the new of the family with a large crayon portrait of himself.

On the night in question due care was exercised that the father went out for a walk until the clans could gather. When it was thought he was on his way home the lights in the parlor were turned low. When father walked into the parlor one of the daughters, from her seat in the dark, exclaimed, "Papa, will you please light the gas?"

"Pa" did as was requested, and when the light flared up was surprised to find the crowd there. Then he espied the new crayon portrait set on an easel, but gave the "surprisers" a solar plexus by remarking with emphasis, "Who's that old geezer?"

## Little Loss to the Nation.

Commenting on the statement of President Elliot of Harvard that the average of Harvard graduates' children is less than two Miss Susan B. Anthony says: "That is quite enough. Harvard graduates do not always make the best fathers."

## Largest Body of Hot Water.

Prismatic lake in the Yellowstone park is the largest body of hot water in the world.

## Wages of English Plumbers.

Plumbers in England receive \$10.34 a week.

## VILLON'S LAST VERSE

## REMARKABLE LINES ATTRIBUTED TO GREAT POET.

John D. Swain Recalls Mythical Death Scene of the Famous Frenchman—Beauty in His Description of a Wasted Life.

(Francis Villon, being about to die a worthy friar would fain have shrived him, and did earnestly exhort that he should confess him at this time of those acts of his life which he did regret. Villon bade him return yet again, that he might have time to think him of his sins. Upon the good father's return Villon was dead; but by his side were the following verses, which he did regret. Whereat the friar was sore grieved and hid them away among the manuscripts of his abbey, showing them to no man; yet they were found in some wise. The name of the friar and the very place where stood the abbey are forgot, but the verses have endured unto this day.)

I, Francis Villon, ta'en at last To this rude bed where all must lie, Fain would I leave the world behind me, And lay me down in peace, to die.

"Would I be shrived?" Ah, can I tell? My sins but trifles seem to be, Nor worth the dignity of hell; If not, then I avail it me To name them one and all—and yet— There be some things which I regret!

The sack of abbeyes, many a brawl, A score of knife-thrusts in the dark, Forced off, by Fate, against the wall, And years in dungeons, cold and stark— These crimes and pains seem far away Now that I come at length to die. 'Tis idle for the past to pray, (This hopeless for the past to sigh); These are a troubled dream—and yet— For them I have but scant regret!

The toll my mother lived to know, What years I lay in gyves for debt; A pretty song heard long ago; When I knew not, when I forgot; The crust I once kept for my one (Though all too scant for my poor use, I should have shared it with a friend, I find I left to him alone, (Pardie! the watchman pressed 'em close) Tosses, against my crimes to set! Yet these are all which I regret!

Captains and cut-throats, not a few, And madmen fair of many a clime, Have named me friend in the wild past When we were wallowing in the slime; Jambiers and rogues and clever thieves, And unfrocked priests, a sorry crew, How stubbornly the memory cleaves To all who have befriended you! I drain a cup to them—and yet— 'Tis not for such I feel regret!

My fonder horse, who died for me (Nor whip nor spur was his I ween!) That day the hangman looked to see Poor Villon, earth and sky between! A mongrel cur who shared my lot Three bitter winters on the floe! He held me thrice as dear as I do. One time I cheated in the deal; 'Twas but an instant while I fled Back to a vile alley, known to me— Dead in the tavern, lay I dead. The gamblers raged—but I went free! Humble, poor brutes at best; and yet— They are the friends whom I regret!

And eke the lilies were a-blow Through all the sunny fields of France, I marked one whiter than the snow And would have gathered it, perchance, Had not some rascal tripped me down. (A bishop's loot, a cask of wine, Elched from some carbot—a bet—) Disgraced this wild head of mine, A childish fancy this, and yet— It is a thing that I regret!

Again, I rode through Picardy, What time the vine was in the bud; A little maiden smiled on me, I might have kissed her, and I would! I've known a thousand maidens since, And many have been kind to me— I've never seen one quite so fair. As she, that day in Picardy. Ashes of roses, these, and yet— They are the things which I regret!

Envy, O bubbles of the vanished wine To which my lips were never set! O lips that dimpled close to mine, Whose ruddy warmth I never met! Father, but trifles these, and yet— They are the things which I regret! John D. Swain, in the Critic.

## TRAIN AND DANIEL WEBSTER.

Anecdote Reveals Traits of Three Old-Time Statesmen.

When little more than a boy George Francis Train visited Washington and called on Daniel Webster, then secretary of state, whom he had met in Boston. Webster gave him a note of introduction to the president, Gen. Taylor. Train says in his autobiography: "I was at once ushered into the presence of Gen. Taylor, who sat at his desk. The presidential feet rested on another chair. At his request I seated myself opposite him and from this point of vantage made a hurried study of his appearance. He wore a shirt that was formerly white but which then looked like the map of Mexico after the battle of Buena Vista. It was spotted and spattered with tobacco juice. Directly behind me, as I was soon made aware, was a cuspidor, toward which the president turned the flow of tobacco juice. I was in mortal terror but he never missed the cuspidor once or put my person in jeopardy." The president at Train's request added his signature to Webster's letter. Then Train called on Henry Clay and asked his autograph. "I told him," says Train, "that I was about to start for England and that as I had a letter signed by Mr. Webster and the President I should like to add his signature also. I believe that two signatures are usually necessary on Mr. Webster's paper," said Mr. Clay, with a smile.

Lightning Makes Fine Spectacle.

A sublime spectacle was witnessed a few days ago in a Tyrolean valley near Tanneheim. A violent storm arose suddenly and many globes of lightning rolled over the surface of the lake. Then a column of water arose thirty feet high from the middle of the lake and from its top small dashes darted. The spectacle lasted three minutes.

Had to Talk Back.

A Mississippi preacher who has had seven wives is said to be a most eloquent orator. No wonder.

## SHE MISSED HER GUESS.

Vindictive Woman in Her Anger Over-shot the Mark.

The car was crowded with shoppers, each of whom carried the special brand of headstrong and aggressive bundle that shopping alone can yield. The woman stood in various attitudes of peril and discomfort, and made those what sat still more uncomfortable by jabbing them or half smothering them. A tall woman, with angular bundles in her arms and wrath in her eye, had been torturing a small, shrinking man during the passage from Fourteenth to Seventieth street, says the New York Press. There he arose with what sounded like a sigh of relief. The dignified woman pushed him back to his seat, saying with a smile of grim satisfaction, "I have stood so far, and I am perfectly able, sir, to stand the rest of the way."

He subsided with a gasp, but at the next corner he arose again. "Be seated, sir," she said, "I do not care for your seat."

He choked a little, but managed to sputter, "You can stand if you wish, but this is two blocks beyond my street. I must get off."

The other passengers smiled, but there was an ominous frown on the dignified woman's brow, and it boded trouble for somebody at home.

## Where the Toddy Went.

Here is a characteristic story of Captain, afterwards General George Pickett, famous at Gettysburg. It was at the time of the disputes between England and America as to the boundary line between British Columbia and Washington territory. Capt. Pickett had just mixed himself a toddy, when his attention was arrested suddenly by a courier, whose message caused him to mount immediately and ride off, leaving the drink behind him. He was gone some hours. When he returned the empty glass was on his camp table, whereupon ensued the following colloquy:

"Orderly."

"Yes, sir."

"Where's that toddy?"

"Threw it away, sir; thought you had done with it, sir."

"Where did you throw it; down your throat?"

"Yes, sir; down my throat, sir," accompanied by a regulation salute.—Pittsburg Gazette.

## An Easy One to Answer.

Representatives Brownlow and Gibson are the only Republicans in Congress from Tennessee. To relieve their loneliness they indulge in a good deal of good-natured banter. Brownlow took great care in selecting persons in his district to stand civil service examinations for positions, and as luck would have it not a single one failed to attain the required grade. Gibson was not so lucky, and not a single man from his district passed the examinations. "How is this, Brownlow?" asked Gibson. "All your men have passed the examinations, while I can't get a single one through in my district?"

"Oh, that's easy," replied Brownlow. "If there was a single man in your district capable of passing a civil service examination you wouldn't be in Congress."

## Mrs. Russell Sage Objects.

Mrs. Russell Sage objects emphatically to the newspaper notoriety that her husband's movements sometimes bring upon the family. Her reasons for objecting are many.

It was last summer, when the great financier was living at Cedarhurst, L. I., and was suddenly taken sick. Mrs. Sage was expounding on the annoyance caused her by the constant visits of reporters.

"I do not like their coming down here," she said. "Mr. Sage is here to rest, and I will not have him annoyed by the papers. Why can't these men see him at his office and not come here to bother him when he should be resting. Why, when Mr. Sage was sick a few weeks ago these men were running down here all the time, and I had to pay an awfully large bill at the clipping agency last month."—New York Mail and Express.

## A "Divine" Tree.

The "divine" trees of India are commonly freaks of nature, for instance, two trees of different species united by a kind of natural grafting. There is a very good example at Colombo, in the island of Ceylon, where a slender and graceful borassus palm can be seen growing out of the heart of the banyan, or Indian fig tree.

The trunks of these alien trees are so strongly joined that only violence can separate them, and it will not escape the attention of the reader that the aspiring palm is protected against the fury of the wind by the sturdy branches of the surrounding fig tree.

## Steering Big Ships.

Marvelous progress has been made in marine architecture and equipment within the past few years. There was a time when the wheel house of a big ocean steamer contained eight stout men, who in rough weather would find it almost a herculean task to manage the wheel.

Nowadays the light touch of an infant's hand upon the wheels of sufficient power to turn a vessel completely around. Huge boats are steered by a steam apparatus which is as quick and effective as the touch upon the ordinary electric button.

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